Confessions

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Confessions

by rosiex

Summary

In which all the members find out about their relationship, and Jeongguk and Yoongi enjoy a night alone together.

Lots of fluff, lots of smut, and a hell of a lot of talking.

Notes

This picks up directly after the last part :)

See the end of the work for more notes

It’s still early when Jeongguk wakes up. He looks over at the clock, noting that it’s only just gone 6am. He feels utterly drained, his sleep fitful and constantly disturbed. He can’t stop thinking about the events that happened that night and the mess of feelings still tumbling around inside of him make a deep sleep impossible. As he slowly comes back more into consciousness he registers the warmth of Yoongi’s body pressed against his back, a slim arm slung around his waist. Despite how unsettled he feels, Yoongi being there beside him brings him some sort of calmness, grounded by his touch. He’s still here; he still wants to be with him despite the less than favourable reaction of Seokjin.

“Can’t sleep either?”

Yoongi’s voice is soft, mumbled into the nape of Jeongguk’s neck as the younger shifts slightly in his arms. The sound initially takes Jeongguk by surprise but he soon relaxes back into Yoongi’s touch. Jeongguk sighs and shakes his head. He turns over, Yoongi’s arm lifting slightly to allow him to move, soon finding its spot around his waist again once they’re face to face. Jeongguk's own arm snakes around Yoongi’s waist, mirroring him.

“I can’t believe Seokjin reacted like that,” Jeongguk tells him, his sleepy state making him honest.

“Yeah, it wasn’t exactly the reaction I was wishing for,” Yoongi sighs. “I’m hoping it was just the shock.”

Jeongguk thinks back over his words once again. How Seokjin had essentially told Yoongi that Jeongguk was naive, that he was taking advantage. Jeongguk knows that it’s the last thing Yoongi needed to hear and it’s painful just remembering what he said. Remembering Yoongi’s silence after the words sunk in.

“Yoongi, you do know that I want to be with you, right?” he asks quietly. “You’re not taking advantage of me or anything like that. I know my own mind.”

“I know,” Yoongi replies, and Jeongguk’s relieved to hear that it sounds genuine, only a touch of hesitation buried in there. He really hopes that their talk from the other week did sink in; that Yoongi understands how much Jeongguk wants to be with him for who he is, not simply because he likes the excitement of it. “I still find it crazy but you’re doing a good job of convincing me.”

He gives Jeongguk a gentle smile, visible in the semi-darkness. Despite the seriousness of what happened last night it still manages to make Jeongguk feel warm, filling him with an unmistakable lightness. He tilts his head forward, bringing their already close faces even closer. Their lips meet tenderly, not moving initially but just content to press together. Eventually Jeongguk swipes tentatively at Yoongi's lips with the tip of his tongue and Yoongi's mouth opens easily for him.

Their tongues meet in a delicate slide, almost cautious as though they know they shouldn't be doing this when there are more serious issues to deal with. But Jeongguk feels like he needs Yoongi's kiss more than ever and he doesn't hesitate to deepen it, moving his body nearer to Yoongi's.

Yoongi's arm tightens around him, their legs tangling as they press together. Jeongguk loves how Yoongi feels against him, the expanse of bare skin soft and warm against his own. Yoongi pulls back just slightly, pressing his lips to the corner of Jeongguk's mouth, then to his cheek before claiming his mouth once more. The kiss is slow and deep, their tongues rolling together and bringing Jeongguk the comfort that he seeks. The sounds are amplified, the soft breathing and the slick noise of their kiss loud in the quiet room, and Jeongguk clings a little tighter to Yoongi.

"Can we just hide out in here all day?" Yoongi sighs when they break apart.

He lifts his arm, long fingers smoothing back Jeongguk's hair where it falls into his eyes. The way he looks at Jeongguk gives the younger that familiar feeling, something akin to stepping off a ledge too quickly as his stomach swoops and his heart pounds. He thinks back to last night, when Yoongi had paused in his speech and Jeongguk had been hopeful to hear him say something more than what he did. It's not something he had thought about much before. He knows that his feelings have been steadily growing for Yoongi, but it had surprised him to be waiting just *quite* so eagerly to hear those words that didn't come.

He holds Yoongi's gaze, searching for a sign of more. He's noticed that the emotions have deepened over the last few months, that the intensity of feeling that he reads in Yoongi's eyes has increased. There's such a level of affection there that it stuns Jeongguk but- could it be more? The thought of it seems unreal. He wonders what Yoongi might see reflected back in his own gaze. The strength of his feelings do shock him sometimes: he wasn't exaggerating last night

when he said that he couldn't imagine not being with Yoongi.

"Wish we could," Jeongguk eventually replies when Yoongi's expression turns quizzical at his lack of response.

Yoongi's phone buzzes, distracting him. He twists his upper body round, grabbing it off the bedside table. He nods almost imperceptibly at whatever it is he reads before placing it back. Jeongguk deliberates whether it's too intrusive or clingy to ask just who exactly it is texting Yoongi at six in the morning, but Yoongi thankfully provides him with the answer without him needing to ask.

"I messaged Tae and Jimin this morning, just letting them know what happened with Seokjin," he explains. "Tae agrees that it's best if they pretend like they don't already know about us. I'm sure Jimin will too."

"Cool," Jeongguk nods, though it's not really.

He hates having to make his friends lie like this but given Seokjin's reaction last night, the idea of telling the others that this began during a foursome feels somewhat suicidal. He's pretty sure that the awkward situation between Taehyung and Jimin right now also means that they would be less than keen to have their involvement known. He wonders if Taehyung's up so early because he also had a sleepless night, worrying about his decision to talk things through with Jimin.

The sound of a door shutting and footsteps outside reaches their ears. The steps fade away down the stairs, followed by the noise of the front door opening then closing. Jeongguk supposes that it must be Seokjin on his way back to the airport. His heart sinks a little. It may have been wishful thinking but he kind of hoped that Seokjin would come and see them before he left, that maybe they could talk about things more calmly. No such luck it would seem.

Yoongi looks over at Jeongguk, obviously thinking the same thing. He nods almost to himself, pressing his lips together in a tight line. He looks serious and worried, and Jeongguk hates seeing it on him. He reaches up without thinking, absently running his thumb along Yoongi's lower lip. Yoongi blinks at him a few times before his expression relaxes. He nips lightly at the pad of Jeongguk's thumb, bringing a small smile to Jeongguk's face. He leans in, replacing his thumb with his mouth. Yoongi sighs contentedly against him, parting his lips at the same time as Jeongguk. It's a light, gentle kiss, but it makes Jeongguk feel disproportionately giddy.

Much of the next hour passes with vague attempts to drift back off to sleep, punctuated throughout by soft, lingering kisses whenever the pull of being so close to each other becomes too much. Having the room to themselves when the house is quiet like this would normally lead to a lot more than kissing, but the worry gnawing away at the back of both of their minds means that the morning stays within the boundaries of kisses and hands exploring tenderly over chests, sliding along the smooth planes of their backs and down each other's arms.

"We should probably go and speak to Namjoon," Yoongi eventually suggests as his lips ghost across Jeongguk's jaw. "Seokjin's probably told him enough already, we should sort things out."

Jeongguk whines a little in protest but he nods nonetheless. There's no use putting it off; they're going to have to go through with this at some point. All he can hope is that Namjoon doesn't react as badly as Seokjin. They both gradually climb out of bed. Yoongi goes to his closet to get some clothes and Jeongguk pulls on his outfit from yesterday. All his fresh clothes are stored in his bedroom and he's not sure going in wearing Yoongi's borrowed clothes is the best way to kick things off.

Once dressed they give each other a long and nervous look, neither wanting to be the first to go. Yoongi steps in front of Jeongguk. Jeongguk's hands automatically fall to Yoongi's sides, holding onto him. Yoongi's hands gently cup Jeongguk's cheeks and he has to lean up for their lips to meet, and it makes something clench deep inside Jeongguk's chest. The kiss is a brief, tender touch, but it calms Jeongguk just enough.

"Come on then," Yoongi says quietly, breath fluttering over Jeongguk's lips.

They knock lightly on the door to Jeongguk's own bedroom. Jeongguk feels a tiny bit terrified. He knows that Namjoon and Seokjin are close, and he truly hopes that whatever Seokjin may have said last night hasn't clouded Namjoon's judgement. Jeongguk knows that Namjoon is normally calm and open, always ready to listen. They're qualities that make him such a good choice as leader; Jeongguk can only hope that those characteristics are still firmly in place this morning.

"Come in."

Namjoon's voice isn't dazed or sleepy like Jeongguk expected, but rings out clear. When they open the door they see him sitting on the

edge of his bed, already fully dressed as though he's been expecting this all morning. He looks like he hasn't slept particularly well either.

"Morning hyung," Jeongguk greets tentatively.

"Hey," Namjoon replies. He doesn't sound annoyed or angry at least and Jeongguk takes that as a good sign.

"Can we talk to you for a moment?" Yoongi asks.

"Sure, sure," Namjoon nods.

Jeongguk and Yoongi walk into the room, both sitting down on the edge of Jeongguk's bed, facing Namjoon. There's an awkward silence that seems to stretch on eternally, Jeongguk having no idea of how to start this conversation. Yoongi eventually takes the initiative.

"So, I'm guessing you already know what we want to talk to you about," Yoongi begins.

Namjoon sighs and nods, as though Yoongi's statement has just confirmed to him that Seokjin had in fact been telling him the truth last night. He runs a palm over his face.

"Yes, he did tell me about your, uh, situation," Namjoon admits. He pauses and nods to himself once more, like he's gearing himself up. "I know that Seokjin can overreact sometimes though so, I'd like to hear what you two have got to say."

Jeongguk feels a wave of relief. His tone isn't cold or judgemental like Jeongguk worried it could be. Rather he sounds curious, wanting to know more, though there's still a touch of hesitation, of disbelief. Jeongguk's not clueless; he knows that this must be a shock.

"Well, I'm not sure what exactly Seokjin told you but Kook and I, well, we're in a relationship," Yoongi tells him, speaking slowly as though to let the words sink in properly. "We've been trying to find the right time or the right way to tell you all. We honestly didn't want Seokjin to have to find out like he did and we do really regret that."

Namjoon exhales slowly and Jeongguk can see the bob of his throat as he swallows thickly. "Yeah, it wasn't the best way he could have found out," Namjoon agrees. He waits a moment before continuing. "So, you two – it's serious then?"

"Yeah, it is," Yoongi says, and Jeongguk catches his eye briefly. He

quickly moves his focus back to Namjoon; now is really not the time to start getting fucking butterflies.

Namjoon looks between the two of them, as though he can't quite take it in. He chews on his lower lip thoughtfully, seeming to be considering how best to approach this. Jeongguk decides to step in during the gap, wanting to allay any concerns that Seokjin may have placed in Namjoon's mind about the sincerity of their relationship.

"Hyung, I know he was worried that maybe I don't know what I'm doing, or that Yoongi's taking advantage of me or something," he says, feeling sick at having to repeat such sentiments in front of Yoongi. "But that's really not true. We care a lot for each other. I'm not fifteen anymore; I'm capable of making decisions and if I've chosen to be with Yoongi, I'd hope he could respect that."

Namjoon's eyes widen a little as Jeongguk talks, clearly unused to the youngest being so open about his feelings in this manner. As much as he wishes it didn't, saying these things to Namjoon does make his cheeks flush with heat, not comfortable with voicing personal thoughts to his hyung. Namjoon sighs softly.

"I get that, Kook," he says. "And if you say you have feelings for each other, then I'm not going to question that. Hyung, I know you – I know you wouldn't have done anything unless it meant something."

He looks over at Yoongi and Yoongi nods, his lips forming that anxious tight line once again. There's a short silence before Namjoon continues.

"Look, I'm not defending how Seokjin reacted but just try to see it from his point of view," Namjoon says. "I know you're not fifteen anymore Jeongguk, but you were when we all met. You're like a little brother to us, and as the eldest Seokjin feels that more than anyone. I know that Yoongi's never fussed over you like the rest of us do - he's always treated you like an adult from the start. But that's not the case for Seokjin. He still sees you as a kid, and as his responsibility."

"I know," Jeongguk says. "And honestly I'm grateful that you all look out for me. But I'm *not* a kid anymore. He has to trust me to make my own decisions."

"Yes, he does," Namjoon nods in agreement. "And I will speak to him. But all I'm saying is, please don't think badly of him for how he reacted. It was a big shock for him, especially given the, um, setting he found you in." Namjoon scratches at the back of his neck

awkwardly and the blush on Jeongguk's cheeks deepens. "I mean, you two being in a relationship – it's a big deal and finding that out so bluntly, well, it was a lot to take in."

"Yeah, I understand that," Jeongguk says and Yoongi adds a noise of agreement.

"It's not just the relationship though, Kook," Namjoon continues, somewhat cautiously. He gestures vaguely in Yoongi's direction. "It's the fact that clearly you like guys. When we talked last night Seokjin was mad at himself that he hadn't realised that, and he was upset that you felt you had to hide it from us."

Jeongguk shifts uncomfortably at the admission from Namjoon. "Oh," he says, suddenly feeling a little bad. "I didn't mean to be deceiving anyone, I just-"

"You don't have to apologise, Kook," Namjoon says kindly. "It's up to you who you share that with and I know that this isn't exactly a job that allows you to be open about it. But all I'm saying is that Seokjin felt really bad that he hadn't realised; like maybe he could have been there for you more in the past if you were struggling or something. I mean, we obviously knew about Yoongi liking guys but I guess it was just another shock to realise that he'd never noticed it in the one person he feels he should be looking out for."

Jeongguk listens to what he says, trying hard to not just focus on his comment about Yoongi – that Namjoon and Seokjin already knew that he's into men. He doesn't comment on it and acts as though it wasn't a surprising statement. Silence settles over the room and Jeongguk's not quite sure what to say now. Namjoon clears his throat.

"Anyway, like I said, I'll talk with him. I'm sure he will be thinking a bit more clearly now that he's had time to process things. He'll apologise."

"We don't want an apology," Yoongi says quietly. "Just his acceptance."

"And you'll get it, I'm sure," Namjoon tries to assure them. "He'll come around."

"I hope so," Jeongguk says honestly. "We really didn't want to upset anyone but we can't ignore how we feel about each other. We both want this."

He feels awkward under Namjoon's gaze so turns his head to look at

Yoongi. Yoongi smiles softly at him, looking somewhat touched by Jeongguk speaking up for them. It does nothing to help the heat on his face. Namjoon says nothing and Jeongguk chances a glance back at him. He's looking at them somewhat dumbfounded, like he still can't quite believe what he's seeing.

"What about you?" Yoongi eventually asks, turning to Namjoon. "Are you okay with this?"

Namjoon blinks a few times, caught off guard, as though suddenly realising that they're not just here to discuss Seokjin's reaction. He looks between the two of them again, wetting his lips.

"You're happy together, right?" he asks.

"Yes," Yoongi replies simply.

"Then, well, I'm pleased for you," he tells them with a small smile.

"Are you sure?" Yoongi asks, eyebrow arched. "You don't sound too certain."

Namjoon laughs at this and it's a welcome sound, breaking some of the weird tension that hovers in the room. He shakes his head, smiling wider.

"It's just not something I ever expected. I've noticed that you've both seemed a lot happier lately but I put it down to other things. Yoongi, you did your mixtape which I know took a weight off and Kook, you're treated more like an adult now in interviews and stuff. And then with the album doing so well…" He trails off, letting out another huff of laughter. His hand waves in their general direction. "I just never would have guessed that it would have been down to this."

Jeongguk grins a little at his comments. He *has* felt so happy since being with Yoongi, almost worryingly so, and he feels like Yoongi has seemed happier too. It's a nice feeling to know that it's obvious enough that other people can see it in them, even if the real reason wasn't clear.

"I still find it hard to believe myself sometimes," Yoongi says with a wry smile.

"Yeah, hyung, I've got to admit, the thought of you in a relationship does seem pretty surreal," Namjoon teases lightly and Jeongguk can't even describe how great it feels to hear Namjoon being okay enough

with this to joke about things.

"Hey, I'm a fucking amazing boyfriend," Yoongi huffs. "Never expect anything less than the best."

Jeongguk fights the urge to roll his eyes at Yoongi's mock bravado. He knows that his displays of brash confidence are all for show; that he's full of as many doubts as everyone else. Perhaps even more so. Namjoon winces a little and covers his face with his palms.

"Oh god, *boyfriend*," he laughs. "This is so weird."

He peeks out from behind his fingers, clearly finding this all kinds of awkward. He's still laughing though and Jeongguk can only be happy with his reaction. They've had enough teasing from Taehyung and Jimin over their couple status so it brushes off easily. It's far better than any of the other more negative reactions that Jeongguk had been fearing.

"Don't worry, we won't start making out in front of you any time soon," Jeongguk grins, feeling comfortable enough now to join in the more playful conversation.

"Oh, thank god," Namjoon says, clutching at his chest dramatically.

They all share in the laughter and Jeongguk feels infinitely lighter, like a huge burden has lifted from him. Sure, Seokjin's reaction was less than favourable and they still have no idea how Hoseok will respond, but the acceptance from Namjoon makes him feel a lot more at ease.

"I mean, talking about that stuff though..." Namjoon begins to speak again, his smile faltering a little as he trails off. "I hate to get all serious but- you know that you can't do any of that, right? Like, in public."

"Yeah, we know," Yoongi replies, voice soft and somewhat sad.

Namjoon grimaces slightly from the uncomfortable topic of conversation. "I know neither of you are naive. I'm assuming you'll tell the other members but outside of us-" Namjoon stops and sighs heavily. "Aish, you don't need me to tell you this. You know what would happen if this got out."

He looks somewhat pained at having to speak to them like this and so Jeongguk jumps in. He knows that Namjoon has to remind them of

this stuff. He is the leader and it's down to him to make sure that the members do what's best, even if it's something Jeongguk's pretty sure that Namjoon doesn't agree with. That's the reality of life as an idol and he learnt to accept it a long time ago. Ever since he realised he was gay Jeongguk has known it's a part of him that will have to stay secret, at least for the foreseeable future.

"We understand, hyung," Jeongguk assures him, giving him a small smile.

Namjoon offers a small smile in return, though it's tinged with sadness. He looks at the two of them and there's something almost like sympathy in his gaze. It leaves a certain heaviness lingering in Jeongguk's chest. There's a few moments of silence and then Namjoon smacks his hands onto his thighs.

"Let's not get too caught up in that," he says, forcing a more cheery tone into his voice. "Seriously, if you guys are happy, then I'm happy."

"Thanks, Joon," Yoongi tells him sincerely.

"Yeah, thank you," Jeongguk echoes.

They all sit there somewhat awkwardly, not quite sure what else to say until Namjoon finally stands up. "I'm going to get some breakfast," he says. "I'll, uh, see you down there."

Yoongi and Jeongguk both nod their agreement. The door closes behind Namjoon as he leaves the bedroom and then it's just the two of them. They turn to face each other. Yoongi lets out a quiet sigh, sounding rather relieved.

"Well, that wasn't too bad," he says.

"Yeah," Jeongguk agrees.

His eyes travel over Yoongi's face. Yoongi is smiling at him, blinking a little under Jeongguk's gaze. Jeongguk thinks back over Namjoon's comments from just now. He's come to accept that being gay is something that has to stay hidden for a long while yet. But until recently the idea of dating someone seemed so far removed from his daily life that he's never really considered the implications of being in a relationship with a man. Sure, he's known since he and Yoongi became a thing that there would be restrictions, but never actually thought much past the fact that they can't be overtly affectionate in public.

It had been strange to see the sadness in Namjoon's look but Jeongguk understands it. Him and Yoongi aren't going to be able to be a normal couple. They won't be able to go on proper dates. Won't be able to introduce themselves as each other's boyfriends. And deep down Jeongguk knows that any stigma won't go away even when they're no longer idols. A lot of people will never accept them being together.

"You okay?"

Yoongi tilts his head, a questioning look in his eyes. He lifts his hand up, thumb brushing over Jeongguk's cheek as he keeps on smiling softly, his expression so warm and genuine that it makes Jeongguk ache. It's completely unfair that they have to hide something so special as what they have, but Jeongguk's not an idiot; he knows that it's how things are here.

"Just fucking-" Jeongguk sighs and waves his hands slightly in frustration. "Society."

Yoongi just keeps on looking at him, expression unchanged. He stays silent for a few moments longer before suddenly letting out a loud burst of laughter.

"What the fuck?" he grins, trying to suppress another laugh.

"Shut up," Jeongguk tells him, delivering a whack to Yoongi's shoulder, but he can't help but laugh a little too upon realising just how bizarre his comment sounded.

"Sorry, I didn't realise I'd interrupted such deep thoughts," Yoongi smirks, eyes sparkling mischievously. "Any particular aspect of society, or just society in general?"

"Fuck off," Jeongguk laughs, covering his face with his hands.

He can hear Yoongi laugh again beside him before feeling fingers prising back his own. When he looks at Yoongi his lips are pressed together, holding back a wider smile, but the corners of his mouth still curve upwards. He seems curious as well as amused and something about the way he looks at Jeongguk makes the younger give in.

"Just how dumb it is that we'll always have to hide this stuff," Jeongguk shrugs, trying to appear like he's not that bothered really.

Yoongi sighs, the smile fading from his face a little, and Jeongguk wishes he'd just stayed quiet. Yoongi nods in understanding and looks

down. He takes hold of Jeongguk's hand, his gaze focused on the way their fingers entwine so easily.

"Yeah, it's shit," Yoongi agrees.

He doesn't say much more because, Jeongguk supposes, what can he really say? They both know this is how things have to be. He feels Yoongi squeeze his hand and it brings a faint smile to his lips. He tilts his head and rests his cheek against Yoongi's shoulder, nudging his foot against Yoongi's on the floor. Yoongi's head turns and he presses a gentle kiss into Jeongguk's hair. It makes Jeongguk's smile deepen.

"Want to go help Namjoon with breakfast before he burns the place down?" Yoongi asks.

"Sure," Jeongguk chuckles.

He twists his head so that he's looking up at Yoongi, head still resting on his shoulder. He's hunched in a slightly awkward position but when Yoongi dips his head to bring their lips together he doesn't mind at all. It's a slow, easy kiss and they soon both find themselves lost in it.

By the time they eventually get up to head downstairs there's a smile fully fixed on Jeongguk's face and for a few wonderful moments, he doesn't feel quite so worried any more.

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Jeongguk looks anxiously over at the clock. It's almost 9pm and they still haven't had a chance to sit down with Hoseok. Their paths have crossed only briefly in the house earlier this morning, a quick wave goodbye from the elder as he dashed out the front door whilst Jeongguk and Yoongi were eating breakfast. Or trying to. As much as Seokjin may not been Jeongguk's favourite person right now, he sure does miss his cooking skills. He would normally have protested against eating burnt eggs for breakfast but after Namjoon's quiet acceptance of their relationship Jeongguk was feeling a bit more forgiving than normal. Yoongi seemed to be thinking the along the same lines, the only indication that he wasn't enjoying the food being the quick stolen grimace the pair of them shared when Namjoon wasn't looking.

Jeongguk draws his eyes away from the clock, his gaze settling on Yoongi instead. He's slumped next to Jeongguk on the couch, sleeping through the last twenty minutes of the show they were supposed to be

watching on TV. His head is tipped back, mouth hanging open as he snoozes. Normally if Jeongguk watches him sleep he looks soft and sweet and, even though Jeongguk hesitates to voice it, kind of beautiful. Today is not one of those days. There's a small bit of drool gathered at the corner of his mouth and his breathing is raspy, verging on a snore. Jeongguk takes a quick photo for blackmail purposes, obviously, smirking as he turns back to the TV.

Jeongguk picks up another slice of the pizza they ordered in, the box currently resting by his feet. When Seokjin's not around Jeongguk's usually nutritious and homemade diet certainly takes a severe hit. He'd maybe thought about attempting some cooking when he came downstairs after his shower earlier but Yoongi already had the take out app open on his phone and, well, pizza always wins.

As he brings the slice to his mouth some of the meat topping starts to fall off. Jeongguk tilts his head back, raising the pizza above his face to help him catch the falling food in his mouth. He takes a larger than necessary bite, munching contentedly as the stringy cheese sticks to his lips.

"God, you're a fucking sexy couple," Jimin smirks as he walks into the lounge, dropping down into one of the arm chairs.

Jeongguk tries to protest but his mouth is so full of pizza that his planned retort comes out completely incoherent. Yoongi unfortunately chooses that exact moment to let out a low, rumbling snore.

"Sorry, clearly I was mistaken," Jimin comments. "You two are hot stuff right now."

"Whatever. You wish you were as hot as this," Jeongguk replies, bringing the back of his hand across his mouth to get rid of any remaining grease.

"Well, that *is* the dream," Jimin responds dryly.

Jeongguk just rolls his eyes. "How was practice?"

"Yeah, good thanks," Jimin replies with a less sarcastic tone. "Hobi-hyung's got some some really good ideas for the individual routines. I mean, ridiculously tiring, but good."

"Cool," Jeongguk nods. He purses his lips together before continuing. "You've been at the studio a lot lately. You sure you're not doing too much?"

Jeongguk tries to keep his voice light and casual but he notices the way that Jimin's brow furrows ever so slightly at the comment. He shrugs and offers Jeongguk a smile that doesn't entirely meet his eyes.

"Ah, don't worry, Kookie," Jimin tells him. "I'm alright. It's good to have a focus."

Jeongguk nods again and doesn't press any further. Something about Jimin's comment and how he's acting makes Jeongguk think that Taehyung's not spoken to him yet. He supposes it was only last night that they talked to Taehyung; from how emotional he seemed, Jeongguk imagines it must take a lot of nerve to bring up the topic of how he really feels. Jeongguk only hopes that he and Yoongi have read Jimin right; that he does indeed feel as strongly for Taehyung as the other does for him.

"Did Hobi-hyung come back with you?" Jeongguk asks.

"Yeah, he's just gone upstairs to take a shower," Jimin tells him. There's a few seconds of silence. Jimin clears his throat. "So, uh, Yoongi said that Seokjin found you guys last night."

"Yeah, it wasn't great," Jeongguk sighs. "He really didn't take it well. I'm hoping he'll be okay once he realises that we're serious about each other."

"I hope so too," Jimin says and it's full of sincerity. He gives Jeongguk a much warmer smile than before. "I'm sure it was just the shock. I mean, you weren't exactly calm when you walked in on the three of us that first time. Had some sort of mini breakdown and kept going on about making fucking pancakes. But look at us now."

Jimin winks and Jeongguk laughs despite the possible seriousness of the Seokjin situation. He grabs a cushion and hurls it over at Jimin, who catches it deftly and lobs it back over in Jeongguk's direction. Jeongguk ducks and it ends up hitting Yoongi square in the face instead.

"Oh shit," Jimin laughs, quickly standing up and trying to run out of the room.

"Park fucking Jimin, get back here now," Yoongi growls, suddenly very much wide awake.

He reaches out as Jimin runs past and grabs a handful of his shirt. It slows him down slightly, Jimin's laughter becoming more breathless,

but he soon escapes Yoongi's clutch. He speeds towards the doorway. There's a loud yelp as he crashes straight into Taehyung who's about to walk into the room. Taehyung's hands immediately fly to hold onto Jimin's upper arms, keeping him upright and preventing the pair of them from tumbling to the floor.

"Sorry," Jimin says nervously. "I just woke Yoongi-hyung up."

It's a statement that needs no further explanation in this house and Taehyung nods. He glances down, noticing that his hands are still on Jimin's arms and he drops them quickly as though he's been scalded. They both look at each other warily and Jeongguk imagines that this is the probably the closest proximity they've been in for a while.

"Yoongi, Hoseok's back," Jeongguk says pointedly. "We should go and speak to him."

"Yeah, yeah, of course," Yoongi mumbles, clearly just as keen as Jeongguk to remove himself from the increasingly tense atmosphere. He stands up and takes hold of Jeongguk's forearm, guiding him out of the room behind him.

"Yeah, I was just going too," Jimin says awkwardly.

"Jimin, wait," Taehyung blurts out, and it draws the attention of all three of them. When he continues speaking his voice is a lot quieter. "Can I- can I talk with you about something?"

Taehyung looks anxious and nervous, and Jimin looks pretty much terrified. Taehyung's eyes flicker towards Jeongguk and Yoongi for the briefest of moments. Jeongguk gives him a tiny nod of encouragement and he can see how Taehyung breathes in deeply, steadying himself.

"Sure," Jimin says, a slight tremble to his voice, and Yoongi takes this as their cue to leave.

He tugs on Jeongguk's arm and they both head quickly up the staircase. Once they reach the top there's the sound of the lounge door closing and Jeongguk suddenly feels more nervous for them than he does for himself and Yoongi. At least no matter what happens from telling the others, he'll still have Yoongi by his side; for those two however, this is something of a make or break situation.

"Jesus, Tae confessing to Jimin, me and you confessing to Hobi. I feel like I'm in a fucking episode of some drama," Yoongi grumbles, though Jeongguk can detect an edge of anxiety in his voice.

"You still want to do this?" Jeongguk checks, even though it's a pointless question. There's no way that they could tell everyone else and leave Hoseok out.

Yoongi pauses, stilling their movements. He looks at Jeongguk and smiles at him tenderly. He lifts his hand up from Jeongguk's arm, fingertips running along the line of his jaw. He leans in, their mouths meeting in a reassuring touch that lingers on Jeongguk's lips long after they pull apart.

"Of course," Yoongi tells him. "Just think, after this, everyone will finally know."

Yoongi keeps smiling and Jeongguk can't help but smile back. It's not an entirely true statement of course. Management won't know, their fans won't know, fuck, even their families won't know. It will still be a part of their lives lived entirely in the shadows. But Jeongguk gets what Yoongi means. That after today, the people that are pretty much their world will know; their friends who are closer to them than family. Jeongguk feels like hiding might not be such a burden with their support boosting them.

Jeongguk takes a long breath in, swallowing thickly as Yoongi knocks lightly on the door to Hoseok's bedroom. Rather than a voice calling out, the door opens suddenly. Hoseok's standing there in front of them, towel in hand and clearly about to head into the bathroom.

"Oh, hey," he greets, a little bemused by the two of them standing so awkwardly right outside his door.

"Hyung, can we speak with you?" Jeongguk asks.

"Oh, I was just about to go and shower-" Hoseok begins to say, but Yoongi cuts him off.

"Can we just speak to you first?" he says. "It's kind of important."

Hoseok's expression immediately turns to worry at their persistence and he ushers them into the room quickly. They follow him in, closing the door behind them. Hoseok chucks his towel on his bed, eyes never leaving the pair of them.

"Oh god, why do you look so serious?" Hoseok asks, clearly panicked. "What's happened? Is everyone okay?"

"Yes, yes, everyone's fine," Jeongguk reassures him. "It's not bad news.

It's just, uh, we have something we want to tell you."

Hoseok's expression flits rapidly from worry to utter confusion. His gaze never drops from the two of them, clearly trying to suss out what's happening. Jeongguk pauses, not sure how to phrase it. He wets his lips and looks over at Yoongi, who seems similarly lost as to how to broach this. They all stand there in silence before Hoseok laughs nervously.

"Okay, you're really freaking me out now," he says, tone sounding a little wary.

"We're in a relationship," Jeongguk says suddenly, the words running together in his eagerness to just get them out there into the open.

Hoseok blinks, still looking confused. "Huh?"

Jeongguk breathes in deeply and tries again, this time making sure to speak slower. "Me and Yoongi. We- we're in a relationship. And we, uh, we just wanted to let you know."

Hoseok keeps on looking at them, his expression unchanging. Out of nowhere he sighs, reaching down to grab his towel.

"Sure, that's great," he says without any emotion. "I'm very happy for you. Now can I shower please?"

He tries to get past Yoongi but he blocks his way, earning another sigh from Hoseok.

"That's it?" Yoongi asks, seeming just as stunned as Jeongguk is by Hoseok's lacklustre reaction. It's better than Seokjin's anger but it's still rather unnerving, especially coming from one of the usually most excitable members.

"Look, I'm sorry but I'm exhausted and I'm just not really in the mood for pranks right now," he explains and realisation suddenly dawns on Jeongguk. He thinks that they're messing with him.

"It's not a joke," Yoongi tells him, his face serious.

"Uh huh, sure," Hoseok says, rolling his eyes and still sounding thoroughly unconvinced. He tries and fails once more to get past them.

"Hyung, please listen," Jeongguk asks him. He grabs Hoseok's arm

lightly and something in his expression seems to make Hoseok stop for a moment. "We're not messing you about. We're together. We're telling everyone 'cause we don't want to hide it anymore."

Hoseok frowns, seeming conflicted as to whether he believes them or not. Jeongguk places his hand lightly on the small of Yoongi's back, hoping that it might somehow show their sincerity. Jeongguk can see the painstakingly slow way that realisation spreads across Hoseok's features. His hand raises to cover his mouth and his eyes flit between the two of them almost comically.

"You're serious?" he whispers.

"Yes," Yoongi nods.

There's an unbearably long pause as Hoseok just stares. Just as Jeongguk's about to say something Hoseok laughs loudly in disbelief. For a horrible moment Jeongguk can't quite tell if it's from outrage or happiness. Then Hoseok's hand drops from his mouth and he's positively beaming at them, and Jeongguk feels a wonderful lightness spread through him at the sight.

"Oh wow, I can't believe it," he grins, shaking his head. "Just- wow."

His laughter is somewhat infectious and Jeongguk soon finds himself joining in. He looks over at Yoongi whose mouth is curved into a closed mouth smile, but when Hoseok suddenly pulls him into a hug Jeongguk sees a flash of his teeth as he lets it soften into a grin. Jeongguk doesn't get much time to look however as Hoseok's soon pulling him into a hug too.

“This is insane,” he says breathlessly. “Like, good insane, you know, but- wow. Fuck.”

Hoseok laughs again and his joyful reaction makes Jeongguk feel ridiculously happy. There’s no hesitation or concern, no judgement, and Jeongguk oddly feels like he might start crying. He doesn’t though, of course, but he does keep on grinning, unable to stop himself. He looks over at Yoongi who appears somewhat in shock at Hoseok’s enthusiasm though he’s smiling brightly too.

“So, I take it you’re okay with this?” Yoongi asks playfully.

“Of course, why wouldn’t I be?” Hoseok replies dismissively. “I’ve know you two have been a lot closer recently and I’ve kept thinking how nice it is ‘cause, well you’re so well suited, but I just figured it

was platonic. But this! Oh my god."

Hoseok is rambling but Jeongguk really couldn't care less. Yoongi puts his hand on Hoseok's shoulder, a sign of gratitude but also an attempt to calm him down slightly. It seems to work and Hoseok takes a deep breath, eyes still sparkling as he looks at the pair of them.

"We should celebrate," he says, his voice only a little calmer. "Let's have a party!"

"Oh god no," Yoongi responds immediately, sounding horrified.

"Yeah, I think we're good, hyung" Jeongguk adds. That sounds like one potentially of the most embarrassing ideas he's ever heard and is most definitely not going to happen.

"Aish, look at you two, so awkward," Hoseok chides as he rolls his eyes. "Like I said, so well suited. Fine, no party."

"We appreciate the enthusiasm though," Yoongi tells him.

Hoseok doesn't say anything but just keeps on staring wide eyed at the two of them. It gets Jeongguk shifting uncomfortably under his gaze, and Hoseok can't really blame them for being awkward when he's looking at them like they've both grown another head - but also like he couldn't be happier about that fact.

"So go on then, how did it happen?" Hoseok asks, his shower apparently forgotten as he eagerly waits for their answer.

Shit, this is the part that he and Yoongi probably should have discussed beforehand. As much as Hoseok may be enthusiastic, telling him that they discovered that they may have deeper feelings for each other during sex – with two other members involved – probably isn't the best idea.

"It just kind of happened I guess," Yoongi shrugs.

"I'm gonna need more than that," Hoseok replies, arching an eyebrow. "This is the most exciting gossip I've had in ages. Indulge me." Jeongguk kind of wonders how Hoseok would react if he told him just quite how much gossip there was to be had in this house at the moment, but he stays silent.

Yoongi sighs. "Well, I guess I sort of- told Kook that I might have feelings for him. And he said he felt the same way. And then- yeah…"

He trails off, looking as awkward as Jeongguk feels right now.

It's pretty vague but apparently it's enough for Hoseok. His smile has gone full megawatt once again, his gaze focused firmly on Yoongi this time though.

"How sweet, hyung, confessing your feelings like that," he beams and Yoongi looks down at the ground, shying away under his attention. "You old romantic."

"Yes, well, that stays strictly between us three," Yoongi mumbles.

Hoseok chuckles. "So have you told everyone else then?"

"Yep," Jeongguk nods. It is a nice feeling, to finally have it out in the open with all the members.

"I bet they were all surprised too," Hoseok grins.

"Yeah, you could say that," Yoongi mutters and Hoseok doesn't fail to miss the slight edge to his tone. His eyes narrow a little, the smile fading slightly from his face.

"Was everyone not okay with it?" he asks. He sounds genuinely surprised, as though he can't imagine any of the members being anything less than overjoyed by their revelation.

"Ah, Seokjin was maybe a bit caught off guard," Yoongi tells him. "We're hoping he'll think things through a bit more while he's away. I'm sure it was just the shock."

"Do you want me to speak with him?" Hoseok asks immediately, his expression full of concern.

"Thanks, hyung, but I'm sure it'll be okay," Jeongguk assures him, even if he's not entirely certain of that himself. He really doesn't think that getting Hoseok involved is going to do them any favours with Seokjin.

"I can't imagine why he wouldn't be supportive," Hoseok says, forehead creased in confusion. "I'm sure if I just talk-"

"I think it was just, uh, how he found out," Yoongi jumps in, clearly sharing in Jeongguk's concern that Hoseok speaking with Seokjin can only serve to make things worse. "It was a lot to take in."

"And how did he find out?" Hoseok presses, not letting it drop.

Jeongguk clears his throat.

“He kind of came back to the house earlier than we expected and we were, um-“

Jeongguk doesn’t bother finishing his sentence. Hoseok’s eyes go wide and it’s obvious that he’s figured out what Jeongguk’s trying to say. Whatever he’s imagining is probably actually a lot worse than what Seokjin actually saw, but Jeongguk really doesn’t want to drag this out any longer so he doesn’t correct him.

“Okay, there’s no need to continue that sentence,” Hoseok cuts in, flustered. “As much as I’m pleased for you, I do not need that imagery in my head.”

He looks slightly mortified but he’s laughing at the same time. Jeongguk can feel his cheeks burning and he doesn’t look at Yoongi, but he imagines it’s producing the same reaction in him.

“So anyway, “ Yoongi says pointedly. “We’ll let you get on with your shower.”

“Sure,” Hoseok says, still smiling. He places a hand on each of their shoulders, and the look he gives is so sincere that it sends a rush of affection for his friend swirling through Jeongguk. “Thanks for telling me. I’m really happy for you.”

“Thanks, hyung,” Jeongguk tells him.

“Yeah, thank you,” Yoongi repeats.

They all head out of the bedroom together, Hoseok shaking his head like he can’t quite believe what’s just happened. Jeongguk feels a little like he can’t believe it either. Everyone now knows. There’s no more hiding, at least not around the members. He hopes almost painfully that Seokjin will come around, that he will manage to accept them like everyone else has.

Hoseok disappears into the bathroom with one last smile thrown in their direction. Yoongi and Jeongguk are left standing in the hallway, sharing shy but happy looks. Yoongi glances around before stepping closer to Jeongguk, placing his hands on the younger’s waist. Jeongguk grins excitedly at him, his own hands settling on Yoongi’s upper arms, rubbing against the skin on show there. Yoongi tentatively leans in, pressing their lips together.

It's such a nice feeling, knowing that he can kiss Yoongi like this in the middle of the hallway, even if the other members are around. Sure, they don't want to be *that* couple, making out in front of everyone and making them uncomfortable. But just to know that this can happen without needing to find some secret corner or creep around at night – it somehow makes a huge difference. Jeongguk applies more pressure to the kiss, feeling Yoongi's lips part just a little. His tongue darts out, gently swiping at Yoongi's upper lip before slipping into the heat of his mouth.

"Stay with me again tonight," Yoongi murmurs into the kiss. It's said as a statement but it veers towards a question, always checking to make certain that it's what Jeongguk wants. "Seokjin's not back until tomorrow evening."

Jeongguk doesn't respond with words but in how he kisses Yoongi, exploring his mouth with even greater intensity and gripping his arms tighter. Yoongi's arms slide around his back, fingers twisting into the fabric of Jeongguk's t shirt as their bodies press closer. The thought of spending the evening alone with Yoongi makes Jeongguk dizzy. Jeongguk starts to walk Yoongi backwards, guiding him towards his bedroom. They keep kissing, tongues sliding together eagerly. That is until Jeongguk forgets about actually opening the door and they thump heavily into it, the kiss breaking clumsily as their teeth clash together.

"Sorry," Jeongguk grins.

"Not one of your smoothest moves," Yoongi smirks.

"Oh, you want a smooth move, huh?" Jeongguk teases, cocking an eyebrow.

"It's not a challenge-" Yoongi starts to say, his protest cut off when Jeongguk squats down slightly, hooking one arm around Yoongi's shoulders while the other slips under the crook of his knees. He picks up the elder, just about managing to open the door before he carries Yoongi bridal style into the bedroom.

"God you're embarrassing," Yoongi grumbles but he still lets Jeongguk carry him to the bed and lay him down carefully on top of the covers. Jeongguk throws him an exaggerated wink, the sound of Yoongi's annoyed muttering reaching his ears as he goes to close the door and switch on a lamp.

"Oh, stop complaining, you know you like it," Jeongguk smirks

playfully.

“So arrogant,” Yoongi huffs, but Jeongguk notes gleefully that he doesn’t actually deny it.

Jeongguk climbs onto the bed, shifting up so that his body hovers over Yoongi’s. His hand trails down Yoongi’s chest over the material of his t shirt before slipping underneath to stroke across his smooth stomach. He watches intently as Yoongi tugs his lower lip between his teeth before letting it go tantalisingly slowly. Jeongguk leans down, taking it gently between his own teeth, licking lightly before tilting his head and drawing Yoongi into a much deeper kiss. His hand pushes further up underneath Yoongi’s top, feeling over his ribs, searching across the warm skin. Jeongguk feels Yoongi’s fingers card through his hair, splaying against the back of his head to keep their mouths firmly pressed together. His tongue explores Yoongi’s mouth, mapping out now familiar spots as they kiss so thoroughly, the wet glide of their tongues together turning Jeongguk on just as much as it did that very first time.

“Fuck, *Yoongi*,” Jeongguk breathes, voice hitching on a quiet groan.

Yoongi doesn’t answer, simply brings his arms around Jeongguk’s back, tugging the younger down so that he’s laying fully on top of him. Jeongguk hums in satisfaction at the new closeness, dragging his lips along the curve of Yoongi’s throat when his head tips back. They may have only had sex last night and they’ve gone far, far longer before without being intimate, but the want burning under Jeongguk’s skin never seems to lessen.

It seems to be the case for Yoongi too. His hands eagerly find the hem of Jeongguk’s shirt, pulling it as far up his chest as he can. Jeongguk moves away from Yoongi’s neck to allow the item to be removed fully before bringing their chests together once more. He mouths his way to just beneath Yoongi’s jaw, taking the hoop of his earring between his teeth and tugging very gently. Yoongi’s body writhes under him and fuck, Jeongguk is just so consumed by *need* for the other man that it kind of surprises him. Maybe it’s the excitement of the members now knowing, he’s not sure, but Jeongguk feels a delicious charge in atmosphere between them.

“Kook,” Yoongi whispers as Jeongguk’s mouth drops a little to suck on the spot just under his ear.

Yoongi’s hands roam over the expanse of Jeongguk’s back, the pads of

his fingers trailing down Jeongguk's spine as he shifts underneath him. Jeongguk props himself up on his elbows slightly to make sure that he's not crushing the elder, one arm either side of Yoongi's shoulders. Their hips however stay pressed together, rubbing languidly into one another.

Jeongguk's mouth keeps making its way along Yoongi's neck, littering his skin with kisses that alternate between hard and soft. Yoongi's hands slip beneath Jeongguk's sweatpants, grabbing his ass through his underwear and causing their hips to grind harder together. They both let out small noises of pleasure at the contact and it does nothing to stem the desire simmering in Jeongguk.

Their mouths finally meet again, a deep kiss that they get lost in for a long time, focused purely on the languid way their tongues move together and the lazy roll of their hips into one another. It's such a nice feeling to be able to take their time. Seokjin's not back until tomorrow evening and Jeongguk's certain that the others won't be coming into this room anytime soon for fear of what they might walk in on.

Jeongguk can feel how turned on Yoongi is even through the denim of his jeans and it only adds to Jeongguk's own arousal. Every single time it blows his mind that he can have such an effect on Yoongi. Jeongguk slips one hand under the back of Yoongi's thigh, bringing it to hook around his waist as he grinds down into him.

"Fuck," Yoongi groans quietly into the kiss, hands moving to settle on the back of his neck as they sink even deeper into the kiss. It drives Jeongguk wild to hear him so full of want and he rolls his hips down hard once more, revelling in the muffled moan it produces in Yoongi.

There's a press of Yoongi's palm against Jeongguk's collarbone and Yoongi's trying to get him to sit up but Jeongguk's not ready to stop kissing him yet. He tilts his head and kisses him deeper, harder, and the way Yoongi's body arches up into him in response just feels incredible. The palm on his collarbone slides up to tangle in Jeongguk's hair instead, keeping the kiss going longer.

Eventually it returns and Jeongguk lets himself be pushed gently up into a sitting position this time. Yoongi follows him up, shedding his own shirt before climbing into Jeongguk's lap, knees pressed into the covers either side of his hips. The kissing resumes almost instantly, Jeongguk pulling him close so that their chests are pressed tightly together. Yoongi's hands cup his face and Jeongguk's own slip around

his back, rubbing slow circles over his shoulderblades.

"On your back," Yoongi whispers against his lips and it sends a shiver of excitement through Jeongguk.

He does as requested, head resting on a pillow as he lies down on his back. Yoongi straddles his thighs and Jeongguk has to take a moment to appreciate the sight. Yoongi's face and chest are flushed, his lips red and shining from their kisses, parted slightly as he catches his breath. His hair is messy and he looks down at Jeongguk through hooded eyes. He looks fucking gorgeous and it makes something burn deep in Jeongguk to know that it's actually his *boyfriend* that he's looking at right now.

"Fuck, you're so hot," Jeongguk says as he exhales sharply.

It's a blunt statement that doesn't in any way manage to convey just how amazing Jeongguk finds him, but it certainly has an effect on Yoongi. The flush on his cheeks darkens, though with embarrassment rather than arousal this time. He bites down on his lip, holding back a smile that Jeongguk can tell is edging at the corners of his mouth.

He bends forward to bring their lips together in another kiss, partly to show his gratitude for the compliment but Jeongguk thinks it’s probably more to take the focus off of him. Jeongguk knows that, like himself, Yoongi enjoys the praise but it doesn’t stop him from shying away when it’s actually given. His tongue licks tenderly into Jeongguk’s mouth, Jeongguk opening up willingly under him and allowing him to claim his mouth in one more slow but heated kiss.

When pulls away he doesn’t sit back up. Instead he lets his lips travel down Jeongguk’s neck, finding a spot on the skin just above his collarbone and sucking lightly there. It's not enough to leave a mark but is enough that it draws a low whimper from Jeongguk at the sensation. Yoongi’s hand rubs at Jeongguk’s side, his lips continuing their exploration across his chest. Yoongi goes wonderfully slowly, taking his time to kiss and lick his way further down, teeth scraping against the heated skin now and again. By the time Yoongi’s mouth is above the waistband of his sweatpants Jeongguk is panting, worked up a ridiculous amount from Yoongi’s meticulous attention. Yoongi hooks his fingers beneath the elastic, pulling them down and off of his legs, letting them drop to the floor.

“Take yours off too,” Jeongguk tells him and he’s surprised to find just

how wrecked his voice sounds already.

Yoongi stands up, taking down the zipper of his jeans before sliding them off, kicking them off his ankle to land on the floor next to Jeongguk's sweatpants. He kneels back on the bed, his hands rubbing over Jeongguk's calves as he looks down at him. He wets his lips a little and Jeongguk feels lightheaded. Yoongi's underwear does nothing to hide how hard he is and all Jeongguk wants to do is to reach out, feel it under his fingertips, but Yoongi's gaze keeps him fixed where he is. His eyes travel across Jeongguk's body reverently and it makes Jeongguk feel amazing and bashful at the same time.

"God, you're beautiful," Yoongi whispers, one hand lifting up to rub smoothly against the plane of Jeongguk's stomach.

Jeongguk can see him swallowing hard. His gaze flickers up to Jeongguk's face. He brings his other hand forward, cupping Jeongguk's jaw and running his thumb over his cheek. Jeongguk's sure he must be able to feel the heat burning under his skin from his comment. Yoongi leans forward using the hand on his stomach for balance as their lips meet tenderly. It's the briefest of touches before Yoongi's head dips, latching onto where his shoulder meet his neck.

"I'm so fucking lucky," Yoongi murmurs against his skin before starting to work the spot expertly with his mouth.

Jeongguk gasps at the sensation, almost trembling from how Yoongi's making him feel right now. Not just how he touches but how he's speaking to Jeongguk, so full of adoration that it makes Jeongguk ache deeply for him. His hand combs into Yoongi's hair, twisting into the strands and holding him there, letting him keep working Jeongguk up into a shaking mess from his mouth. Jeongguk has no idea if it will leave a mark this time and he honestly doesn't care.

When Yoongi pulls back to look at Jeongguk his lips are shining and Jeongguk raises his head enough to press his own to them, a short, blazing kiss. Yoongi's gaze is intense as he looks down at the younger and Jeongguk feels breathless under it. God, he needs to feel him right now. He shifts up the bed, manoeuvring himself so that he's half sitting up against the headboard, pillow propped behind his lower back. Yoongi watches him, allowing himself to be pulled forward when Jeongguk hooks his fingers into the waistband of Yoongi's briefs and tugs the elder towards him.

Yoongi seems to get what Jeongguk's trying to do, kneeling up in front

of him. Jeongguk dips his head forward, mouthing wetly at the outline of his cock which is straining beneath the fabric. Yoongi inhales sharply at the action, his hands lifting to hold onto the headboard. The material is dull on Jeongguk's tongue but he loves how Yoongi's breath becomes harsh and shaky even without direct contact. Eventually though he needs more. Jeongguk pulls back, looking at the damp fabric before carefully rolling the item of clothing down Yoongi's thighs, Yoongi soon taking over and removing them fully.

He kneels back up and Jeongguk licks his lips lightly, looking up at Yoongi before leaning forward and running his tongue slowly along the length. He can hear Yoongi's breathing hitch as he does so. It's been a while since he's been able to do this for Yoongi and he enjoys every detail. The way he can feel Yoongi throbbing under him, the slightly bitter taste of Yoongi's precome that he catches on his tongue, something he never particularly liked but now enjoys because it's *Yoongi*.

One of Yoongi's hands leaves the headboard to curl into Jeongguk's hair, not gripping hard but just enough to let Jeongguk know how much he likes it. He lets his tongue swirl lazily around the tip before wrapping his lips around the head and sucking lightly. He flattens his tongue over the slit before pulling back and dragging his lips along the side of his whole length once more. Jeongguk's taking his time more than usual, enjoying that he doesn't feel rushed or like they have to make it quick before someone might walk in. He can not only hear but he can taste and feel how much Yoongi is into this and it makes his own cock throb almost painfully.

"Such a tease, baby," Yoongi murmurs, and shit, his voice all low and gravelly like that makes Jeongguk's insides feel like liquid, Yoongi's words flowing hot and thick through his body.

Jeongguk looks up at Yoongi as he licks along him, loving the way that Yoongi looks back at him so flustered, biting down on his lip. Jeongguk pulls back a little, holding him at the base with his fingers. Jeongguk wraps his lips around him once more but this time slides down as far as he can in one smooth motion, dragging a low groan out from the back of Yoongi's throat. Jeongguk's nose nudges against his knuckles before he pulls almost all the way back again. His tongue circles the tip before he takes him all in again, loving the shaking gasp it produces in Yoongi.

He sets up a slow rhythm, his lips sliding back and forth on him slickly. It's so good to know how much Yoongi's enjoying this and

Jeongguk is continually surprised by just how much pleasure he gets himself from making someone else feel this way. He tightens his lips on every slide up and relaxes his jaw a little on each slide down. After a while Jeongguk gets used to the rhythm, to how far he can go, and he eventually attempts to remove his fingers. He proceeds to inch down carefully and manages to take Yoongi all in.

“Oh *god*,” Yoongi moans softly, fingers tightening momentarily in Jeongguk’s hair before he relaxes them again.

Jeongguk sets up his languid rhythm once more, taking Yoongi in a little further now. His hands hold onto Yoongi’s thighs, holding him in place as his mouth works his cock, applying pressure and pulling back at all the right times until he feels a slight tremble starting in Yoongi’s limbs. Jeongguk takes his mouth away, pressing his lips along Yoongi’s length for a moment to allow himself to catch his breath. He feels Yoongi’s fingers leave his hair, falling to curve against the line of his jaw in a gentle touch.

“You look so good,” Yoongi whispers, sounding almost awestruck, causing that familiar warmth to gather in Jeongguk’s chest.

He looks up at Yoongi. He’s looking dazed and flushed, but his smile is still tender as he gazes down at Jeongguk. Jeongguk can’t help but return it, smiling almost shyly at him, which he thinks is probably a bit odd given the setting. He distracts himself by sinking his mouth down on Yoongi’s cock once more and when he glances up he can see Yoongi’s head tip back in pleasure, mouth open slightly as his breaths come loud and heavy.

Jeongguk picks up like before, his mouth sliding easily back and forth, intent on bringing Yoongi closer and closer to the edge. His fingers dig into Yoongi’s thighs as he speeds up only slightly, still keeping his movements unhurried and deliberate. Yoongi’s fingertips stay on his jaw, thumb pressing gently to the corner of Jeongguk’s lips as Jeongguk continues his wet slide. Jeongguk moans slightly as he tastes more and more of Yoongi, absolutely loving how much he’s affecting him. He can feel the way Yoongi's thighs tense, nearing his release with every lick, every slide of his lips.

“Shit, Kook, stop. Don't want to come yet,” Yoongi pants out after a while, though he doesn’t protest when Jeongguk goes for a little longer.

Eventually Yoongi finds it in himself to pull away, sighing as his cock

leaves Jeongguk's mouth. He leans down, drawing Jeongguk into a deep kiss, tongues curling around each other as Yoongi tastes himself. The kiss doesn't last long, Yoongi's breathing too stuttered for that, and Jeongguk feels an immense pride in how worked up Yoongi is right now.

Yoongi edges down the bed, hands wrapping around Jeongguk's ankles and tugging lightly so that he's laying on his back fully once more. Once Jeongguk's settled in place he runs his hands up and over Jeongguk's shins, stopping to stroke lazy circles on his thighs. He leans down, pressing a soft kiss to the side of Jeongguk's knee. Yoongi's lips brush over his inner thigh, the skin there so sensitive. It makes Jeongguk shiver as Yoongi sucks lightly at a spot just below where his underwear stops. On the other leg Yoongi's fingers slide beneath the leg of his briefs, rubbing teasingly.

Jeongguk's breathing seems so loud, coming out in ragged bursts as Yoongi lifts his head. He focuses his ministrations on Jeongguk's abdomen instead now, mouthing at the curve of his hipbone above the waistband of his underwear. His mouth is warm and good but Jeongguk's so hard, and he just needs more right now. He shifts his hips restlessly but Yoongi's hand on his thigh soon keeps him still. He whimpers needily but Yoongi doesn't relent, instead choosing to slip his other hand up the leg of his briefs too, fingers close but not close enough to give any relief.

"Yoongi," he groans quietly.

Yoongi moans a little against him, biting down very gently on his hip before pulling back. He inches down Jeongguk's underwear, the cool air hitting Jeongguk's heated skin as Yoongi drags the material down his legs before casting it to the floor. He settles himself between Jeongguk's legs and wraps a hand around Jeongguk's cock. The feeling of Yoongi on him, *finally*, it's too much and Jeongguk can't hold back the long, drawn out moan that falls from his lips. Yoongi looks at him pointedly, a reminder that he needs to be quieter, but it's clear from his gaze just how much he enjoys hearing Jeongguk lose control like that.

His hand slides lazily along Jeongguk's length, thumb swiping over the tip and making Jeongguk's head fall back against the pillow. Jeongguk's eyes close for a few moments to absorb how amazing it feels to have Yoongi touching him. Being with Yoongi, god, it's like nothing else.

He opens his eyes after a while, breath catching when he finds Yoongi watching him, eyes flickering with a low, burning intensity that sets Jeongguk's nerves alight. Yoongi moves his hand away, dipping his head down ready to taste him, but Jeongguk surprises even himself when the words slip from his mouth.

"No, Yoongi," he mumbles. "Lower. Please."

Yoongi looks up at him, blinking with wide eyes. A few moments pass as he just looks at Jeongguk. He lets out a low breath before speaking.

"Turn over," he whispers.

Jeongguk does so immediately, his body pressing into the covers. He senses the bed dip as Yoongi crawls over, grabbing a bottle from his drawer before settling back in behind Jeongguk. He feels Yoongi's long fingers begin tracing over the backs of his legs, light and teasing, and it gets Jeongguk writhing under his touch. He just needs Yoongi inside of him so badly. Yoongi presses a delicate kiss to the back of his knee, the innermost top of his thigh. Yoongi's fingers move to his hips, gripping tightly and tilting him so that Jeongguk's hips are raised off the bed. His legs spread a little wider and his whole body thrums in anticipation.

He feels Yoongi's thumb brush over his entrance, a touch that is far too teasing for right now. Jeongguk shifts his hips backwards and it makes Yoongi place his other hand on Jeongguk's thigh, keeping him steady. His thumb moves to the side and spreads him a little, and Jeongguk struggles to remember to breathe when he feels Yoongi's warm breath against him. It's been so long since Yoongi did this to him and there's an ache deep in the very pit of Jeongguk's stomach to feel it again.

Jeongguk gasps loudly as he feels Yoongi's tongue swipe gently over him, starting up a slow, wet back and forth which gives Jeongguk what he wants but just not quite enough. Yoongi's lips press to him, sucking lightly before he pulls back to let his tongue continue its teasing. It circles around him now, unhurried, Yoongi taking his time to work Jeongguk up bit by bit.

Jeongguk doesn't need it. He's been so turned on since they first started kissing, the painful throb of his cock only growing more as he went down on Yoongi. This is near torturous, so close to what he wants but so frustratingly out of reach too. It feels good though, so good, and Jeongguk stops focusing on what's next and just lets himself

sink into how this feels now.

“So good,” he mumbles into the pillow and he feels the way Yoongi’s fingers tighten almost imperceptibly on his thigh.

Yoongi pulls back slightly and Jeongguk’s about to protest when he feels the pad of his thumb slip inside, circling lightly and oh god, the teasing is just too much. Yoongi’s hovering on the edge of giving Jeongguk what he needs but clearly is intent on making the most of their rare evening alone, wanting to draw this out as long as he can. A quiet choked sound escapes Jeongguk as his thumb pushes further inside. Jeongguk’s thighs spread a little wider again as he sighs at the sensation.

“Fuck,” he hears Yoongi whisper.

Jeongguk turns his head to the side, looking back at Yoongi. Yoongi’s staring down at him, looking just as overcome by all of this as Jeongguk feels. Yoongi leans down, pressing a shaky kiss to Jeongguk’s shoulder blade. He rests his forehead against Jeongguk’s back for a moment and Jeongguk can feel the dampness of Yoongi’s skin against him. Yoongi's still painfully hard and Jeongguk doesn't know he manages to resist reaching down and touching himself. Yoongi seems to gather himself and he settles back down behind Jeongguk.

Jeongguk’s eyes fall closed and he buries his face back into the pillow. His fingers twist into the covers beneath him, finding everything about this amazingly arousing; Yoongi’s barely started and Jeongguk already feels ready to fall apart. A few seconds pass and Yoongi’s tongue is back against him, circling wetly a couple more times before fuck, *fuck*, Jeongguk feels it start to carefully lick inside of him.

“Oh,” Jeongguk sighs, pleasure surging through him. “Oh *fuck*, Yoongi.”

Yoongi’s tongue explores him gently, circling inside him with soft, languid movements. His hands keep Jeongguk steady, preventing him from pushing backwards like he so badly wants to do. Instead he lets Yoongi hold him there, lets the elder drag the most amazing feelings from him with each careful lick of his tongue. His breathing is swallow, mind hazy with desire, and all he can focus on is the way that Yoongi’s tongue works him so incredibly.

“Yes, *yes*,” Jeongguk groans quietly, voice muffled by the pillow.

He can feel Yoongi moan against him. He pulls back slightly before his tongue slides inside again, driving deeper this time and making Jeongguk experience another wave of pleasure flowing hotly through him. It feels so amazing, the way Yoongi stretches him just enough, the wet slide of his tongue making a tremble begin in his limbs. He keeps the pace slow, so slow, his tongue fucking Jeongguk with drawn out, deliberate strokes.

It's good, oh *god* it's good, and it verges on almost too much. He doesn't know how much longer he can last. Thankfully it seems that Yoongi's feeling the same way. When he pulls away the next time his breathing is unsteady and he presses hot, open mouthed kisses against the small of Jeongguk's back.

"Want to be in you, Kook," he says, voice whispered but full of need regardless.

And Jeongguk could make some remark about how Yoongi is already in him, but he doesn't. He knows what Yoongi means. They both need more, need to feel that connection. Jeongguk nods rapidly, swallowing heavily.

"Please," he pants.

In contrast to the slow pace of the evening so far Yoongi opens the lube with surprising speed and it's not long before Jeongguk feels the familiar slide of Yoongi's finger pressing inside him. He props himself up onto his elbows, looking over his shoulder at Yoongi as he prepares him, still as meticulous as ever. Jeongguk whimpers quietly as Yoongi adds a second finger. He's moving carefully, taking his time like he always does, and seeing the way treats Jeongguk so tenderly makes the younger's chest tighten in a way that's much more than desire.

Yoongi keeps stretching him, keeps searching, and he finally grazes against that spot deep inside of Jeongguk that makes him groan out his name. The pleasure is incredible and Jeongguk seeks it again. He pushes back onto Yoongi's fingers, wanting more, but Yoongi keeps things slow. It doesn't stop him from hitting that spot though, his fingers working expertly to rub against his prostate, and the tremble in Jeongguk's limbs gets more noticeable. He genuinely worries that this might all be over too soon and Yoongi seems to sense it too. When he adds a third finger he noticeably shies away from going too deep. It's immensely frustrating but Jeongguk is glad. He really needs to feel Yoongi inside him before he finishes.

“I’m ready, Yoongi, please,” Jeongguk whispers, knowing that he won’t do anything until he’s sure that Jeongguk’s okay.

He feels the press of one more kiss, this time to the base of his spine, before Yoongi’s fingers leave him.

“Move up the bed,” Yoongi tells him gently.

Jeongguk does so, crawling up the mattress until he’s facing the headboard. He holds onto it, pressing his forehead against the wall. It’s cool against his damp forehead but it doesn’t quell the heat that he feels throughout his body. Yoongi presses up behind him. Jeongguk can feel his cock dig into the back of his thigh but he’s distracted by the way Yoongi’s arms briefly wrap around him, holding him tight as Yoongi kisses at the crook of his neck.

Once Yoongi pulls away Jeongguk can hear him slick himself up with the lube before the bottle gets tossed to the floor. Jeongguk arches his back a little, legs parting more as Yoongi kneels up behind him. Yoongi's hands curl around his hips and then he soon feels the blunt press of Yoongi's cock against him.

Jeongguk has to bury his face against his own arm to muffle the low moan that escapes him as Yoongi finally pushes into him. Yoongi gives him a moment to adjust once he's fully buried inside but Jeongguk soon pushes back onto him. Yoongi gives a low noise of approval at the action, fingers gripping tighter on his hips.

"You feel amazing," he sighs, the words hot against Jeongguk's shoulder.

Jeongguk wants to say something back but Yoongi starts to move. He doesn't even pull halfway out before sliding back firmly into Jeongguk. Any words are replaced by a long, shuddering groan. Jeongguk tries to keep quiet but it's so hard when it feels this amazing.

One of Yoongi's hands reaches forward, covering one of Jeongguk's own. His palm presses into the back of Jeongguk's hand as their fingers entwine over the edge of the headboard. Yoongi squeezes tightly as he starts to fuck Jeongguk slowly. He stays so deep, rolling his hips more than thrusting and it feels so, so good. Jeongguk's jaw goes slack, consumed by the sensations flooding through him right now.

"There, Yoongi, oh *god,* like that," Jeongguk murmurs almost

incoherently when Yoongi finds precisely the right angle to keep up a near constant pressure on his prostate.

"Shit, Kook," Yoongi gasps, his forehead pressed to the nape of Jeongguk's neck. "I'm not going to last long."

"I know, I know," Jeongguk pants out. "Me neither."

Despite the neediness in the two of them, despite how close both of them are, Yoongi stays moving in the same, steady rhythm. He fucks Jeongguk slow and hard and deep, Jeongguk pushing back onto him with each roll of his hips. He can feel that familiar feeling simmering low in his stomach, a heavy heat that's been growing this whole time.

It's not much longer before Jeongguk feels Yoongi's hand leave his own, fingers wrapping around his cock instead. It wrenches a strange noise from Jeongguk, caught between a gasp and a moan. It causes his legs to slip a little wider, his back to arch that bit more. It makes Yoongi groan in response, the sound loud against Jeongguk as Yoongi's mouth latches onto a spot just below his ear.

Jeongguk can feel a low tremble spreading through his body, that tingling heat building more and more. Yoongi strokes his cock with the same languid speed that he fucks him, his mouth working Jeongguk's neck, and Jeongguk feels like he's being thoroughly taken apart by Yoongi.

Knowing that no one else can make him feel this way, knowing that it's just the two of them together for a long time to come; knowing that Yoongi wants and needs and cares for Jeongguk just as much as he does for the elder. It's overwhelming but amazing, and Jeongguk feels dizzy with just how much he feels for Yoongi right now.

"Baby, fuck, I'm so close," Yoongi breathes against his neck, his words almost a whimper with how undeniably full of need they are.

It's enough to bring Jeongguk gradually over the edge. Yoongi keeps moving inside of him, keeps stroking his cock. Jeongguk's breath catches as a deep, intense pleasure unfurls achingly slowly inside of him. It grows more and more as his orgasm takes over, the feeling spreading thick and heavy through his entire body. His head falls back, mouth parted in a soundless moan as he comes unbelievably hard, his limbs shaking from the intensity.

Jeongguk's only vaguely aware of Yoongi panting out breathy curses into the damp skin of his shoulder. He feels him wrap an arm around

his waist, keeping him close as Yoongi's other hand presses firmly into the wall in front of them. There are only a few more hard rolls of Yoongi's hips before Jeongguk can feel the scrape of teeth against his skin and hear a broken moan fall from Yoongi's lips as he comes deep inside Jeongguk.

Neither of them move straight away. The room is filled with their heavy breathing, both of them trying to bring themselves back to normal. Yoongi ghosts his lips along the curve of Jeongguk's shoulder, the gentle touch relaxing and calming him. Yoongi's hand drops from where it braces against the wall, his arm joining the other and snaking around Jeongguk's waist from behind. Jeongguk feels Yoongi's cheek rest against his back as he holds him.

They stay wrapped up together until their breathing steadies and they feel ready to move. Yoongi pulls carefully out of him before standing up and padding over to his closet to find a towel. Jeongguk watches him as he collapses down onto his back, limbs heavy, forearm slung across his forehead. Yoongi cleans himself up then wanders back to kneel on the bed.

"You're so amazing," Jeongguk tells him, his words slipping out easier than they normally would due to the fuzziness his brain is currently experiencing.

Yoongi pauses as he's rubbing the towel over Jeongguk's stomach. A wide, sweet smile breaks out over his face and Jeongguk struggles to reconcile the somewhat adorable Yoongi in front of him with the man who just moments ago fucked him to probably one of the most intense orgasms of his life.

"Aish, shut up," Yoongi chides, swatting at Jeongguk's face with the towel.

Jeongguk just smiles at him, enjoying the way his cheeks are turning rosy from Jeongguk's comment. The smile soon falters though.

"I can't believe you just hit me with that towel," he says, trying and failing to sound properly outraged. "Gross."

Yoongi just laughs and does it again. Jeongguk growls playfully and leans forward to grab his wrist but Yoongi's already up and off the bed, chucking the towel into his laundry basket. He picks up their discarded clothes as he walks back, shifting them into a neat pile by the bed. Jeongguk knows that the action comes from the memory of the state Seokjin found the room in last night. It makes the happiness

of the moment lose a little of its shine.

"Do you think Seokjin will be okay with this?" Jeongguk asks quietly as he pulls on his underwear that Yoongi hands him. "Honestly."

Yoongi sighs and sits down on the edge of the bed once he's pulled his own underwear back on. He chews a little on his lower lip.

"I think he will be ," he says. "I know he's very protective of you and that side just came out badly last night. We just need to prove to him how much we care for each other. That this *is* serious."

He smiles softly over at Jeongguk and it doesn't matter how much he hears it but when Yoongi voices things like that it makes his stomach swoop. Jeongguk crawls over to kneel behind Yoongi, looping his arms around Yoongi's shoulders. Yoongi tilts his head back against Jeongguk, his hand resting on a forearm.

"So this is serious, huh?" Jeongguk says playfully.

"I'm afraid so," Yoongi teases back lightly. "Sorry about that."

Jeongguk tightens his arms around the elder. Neither of them say anything more for a while. Jeongguk nudges his nose into the crook of Yoongi's neck and he drinks in the tiny, happy sigh that falls from him.

They stay like that for a long time before Yoongi tips his head back further and Jeongguk leans forward, their lips brushing together tenderly. They share a long look after they kiss, one that makes Jeongguk feel like his chest is packed too tightly with emotions. Yoongi looks away eventually and lightly smacks his hand down on his thigh.

"Bed?" he suggests.

Jeongguk nods and follows his lead, pulling back the covers and climbing in underneath. Their arms immediately find their way around each other’s waists and Jeongguk sinks into it, loving the easy, natural way that they meld together. They share the same pillow, their faces close as they smile, holding it for a few moments before leaning in and joining their lips. It’s a gentle, lazy kiss but it makes a wonderful contentment trickle slowly through Jeongguk.

“I wonder how Tae and Jimin are getting on,” he ponders aloud as he settles in against Yoongi.

“Hopefully they’re sorting things out,” Yoongi sighs. “It was always obvious how into each other they were.”

Jeongguk agrees – it has always seemed clear to him, especially recently, though something about how Yoongi says it makes him think that he’s referring to earlier times. Jeongguk’s stomach twists a little uncomfortably, the way it tends to whenever there’s a mention of the three of them together like that. His fingers grip a little tighter on Yoongi’s side. It jogs something in Jeongguk’s mind though, remembering Namjoon’s comment from this morning.

“Yoongi, how did Namjoon and Seokjin know that you like guys?” he asks tentatively.

Yoongi pulls back a little, looking curiously at Jeongguk. There’s a smile tugging at his lips though and it reassures Jeongguk.

“Because I told them,” he explains simply. Jeongguk blinks a few times, surprised at the straightforward answer. “Just before we debuted.”

“Oh,” Jeongguk says and it’s ridiculous, but he feels a little hurt that Yoongi never confided in him. Really ridiculous, because why on earth would he have confided such a big thing to an awkward and naive fifteen year old. Plus, Jeongguk supposes, it’s not like he was exactly open about his sexuality with the other members.

Yoongi chuckles lightly at Jeongguk’s surprise. “I do *sometimes* talk about things without having to be locked in a room first.”

“What made you tell them?” Jeongguk asks.

He hopes he isn’t pressing too much, but he is genuinely interested. As close as they may have have gotten recently, Jeongguk still feels like there is a huge amount that he’s yet to know about Yoongi and he wants to learn it all. Wants to know everything that makes Yoongi the person that he is.

“Well, I’d had that boyfriend, the guy I mentioned before,” he sighs. “And when we were about to debut I panicked. You know how something like that could ruin us if it got out. I felt I should tell Namjoon as the leader and with Seokjin being the eldest, I thought he should be aware too.”

“They were okay with it?”

“Yeah, they were really supportive,” Yoongi smiles. “They said it didn’t matter to them, and if it got out- well, we’d deal with it if it ever happened.”

Jeongguk wets his lips and nods. “Do you think that guy would ever say anything?” Jeongguk asks cautiously. He hates that it’s the case, but he knows that something like that would have a massive impact on them if it became public.

“I don’t think so,” Yoongi tells him. “He ended up taking over his family’s business. Last I heard he’s got a wife and a baby. He’s not going to risk all that by involving himself in that sort of scandal.”

“Yeah, that seems pretty unlikely,” Jeongguk agrees. Yoongi’s hand lifts up, brushing his knuckles tenderly over Jeongguk’s cheek. Jeongguk presses a kiss to his hand, earning him a wider smile. “So, um, are you gay then?”

It seems like an odd question given that Yoongi’s clearly okay with having boyfriends, but something makes him want to clarify. Yoongi purses his lips together as he contemplates his answer. He eventually shrugs as much as he can in their entwined position.

“I dunno. I mean I’ve done stuff with girls before and have found them attractive. But I’ve always felt more of a pull towards men,” he says, as though only really thinking about it properly for the first time. “I guess it’s more about the person for me.”

“Cool,” Jeongguk says, because he’s not really sure what to say.

“And you?” Yoongi smiles.

“Yeah, I'm gay,” Jeongguk tells him, reflecting back his smile.

“Cool,” Yoongi says, impersonating Jeongguk’s earlier comment. It gets him a strong pinch to the ribs.

They both look at each other and then burst out laughing at the awkwardness of the conversation. Jeongguk grins, leaning in and bringing their lips together once again.

They spend a long time after that getting lost in soft, sleepy kisses, exhaustion from the long day and lack of sleep last night finally catching up with the both of them. The tiredness finally becomes too much and they eventually stop kissing.

Their eyes meet as they pull apart and the way that Yoongi looks at him makes Jeongguk's heart pound much too fast. His hand strokes through Jeongguk's hair and he smiles gently, eyes full of so much warmth but a deeper intensity too. Jeongguk feels a little on edge, a surge of adrenaline suddenly coursing through him, and he momentarily forgets to breathe. But then Yoongi gently pushes Jeongguk onto his back, curling up into his side, and the moment passes.

Yoongi's arm gets slung across Jeongguk's chest as his head settles against his shoulder. Jeongguk wraps his arms around the elder, his lips pressing into the soft strands of his hair. His eyes close and he listens to Yoongi's breathing, hearing the way that it soon slips into the steady rhythm that means he's drifted off to sleep.

Jeongguk's insides feel like a mess of emotions. He feels hopeful as he thinks about Taehyung and Jimin, wanting so much for his friends to have something like the happiness he's experiencing right now. He feels nervous as he thinks about Seokjin's return tomorrow, unable to get rid of the uneasiness that refuses to leave him since their last conversation.

And as he looks down at Yoongi his chest tightens with just how *much* he feels. When he sees Yoongi's head nestled against his chest, dark hair falling into his eyes. When he senses all those vague, undefined pieces simmering beneath the surface finally starting to pull together. When he realises that, fuck, he actually might just be in love.

End Notes

Basically THANK YOU SO MUCH to everyone who commented on the last part. I was truly overwhelmed by the response it got - I honestly can't tell you how much it means to know that you are enjoying reading this series :)

I really hope you enjoyed this part, IDK how this got so long again lol. Comments as always are hugely appreciated <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!